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IN VACATION.

The Name of His Horse.—A policeman in plain clothes, while strolling along his beat one morning, heard a stentorian voice calling out "B'nano-o-o!" He proceeded to investigate. A fruit peddler, driving through an adjacent alley, was pausing every minute or two to emit his cry. The policeman hastened across a vacant lot and intercepted him.

"Hi, there!" he exclaimed. "Stop shouting 'Bananas!' or I'll run you in. It's against the law."

"I no shout," said the peddler. "I talk to my horse. Whoa, B'nano!"

"Is his name Banana?"

"Yes, sir."

"Look here, George. I've seen you and your horse before. Last week you called him Bill."

"Yeh. I change his name."

"Have all of you fellows changed the names of your horses?"

"Yes; some of 'em Ap-pul, some Peach-uz. Same horse, new name. Giddup, B'nano-o-o!"—Youth's Companion.

Twice in Jeopardy.—Pleading that it was the same "jag" for which he was arrested the night before, and that a man cannot be placed in jeopardy twice for the same offense, Benjamin Bryan was discharged recently from court at Nyark, N. Y.

Without Argument.—A well-known lawyer practicing before the Court of Claims tells of a youthful attorney in Indiana who talked for several hours, to the great weariness of the judge, the jury, and everyone in the court room who was obliged to listen.

At last, however, he sat down, and the opposing counsel, a white-haired veteran, rose to reply.

"Your honor," said he, "I will follow the example of my young friend who has just finished, and submit the case without argument."

With that he took his seat, and the silence was oppressive.—National Corporation Reporter.

Cost of the Law.—The lady litigant had paid out good money to clerks and bailiffs till she was nervous about it.

"Who is that?" she whispered to her lawyer, as a new functionary put in an appearance.

"That? That's the crier," the lawyer replied.

"Goodness! Can't I do my own crying and save the fees?"—Judge.